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MAYFAIR

Vol. 19. No. 4

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Cover: Model, Judy Farlowe; photographer, Ingo Harney

MAYFAIR

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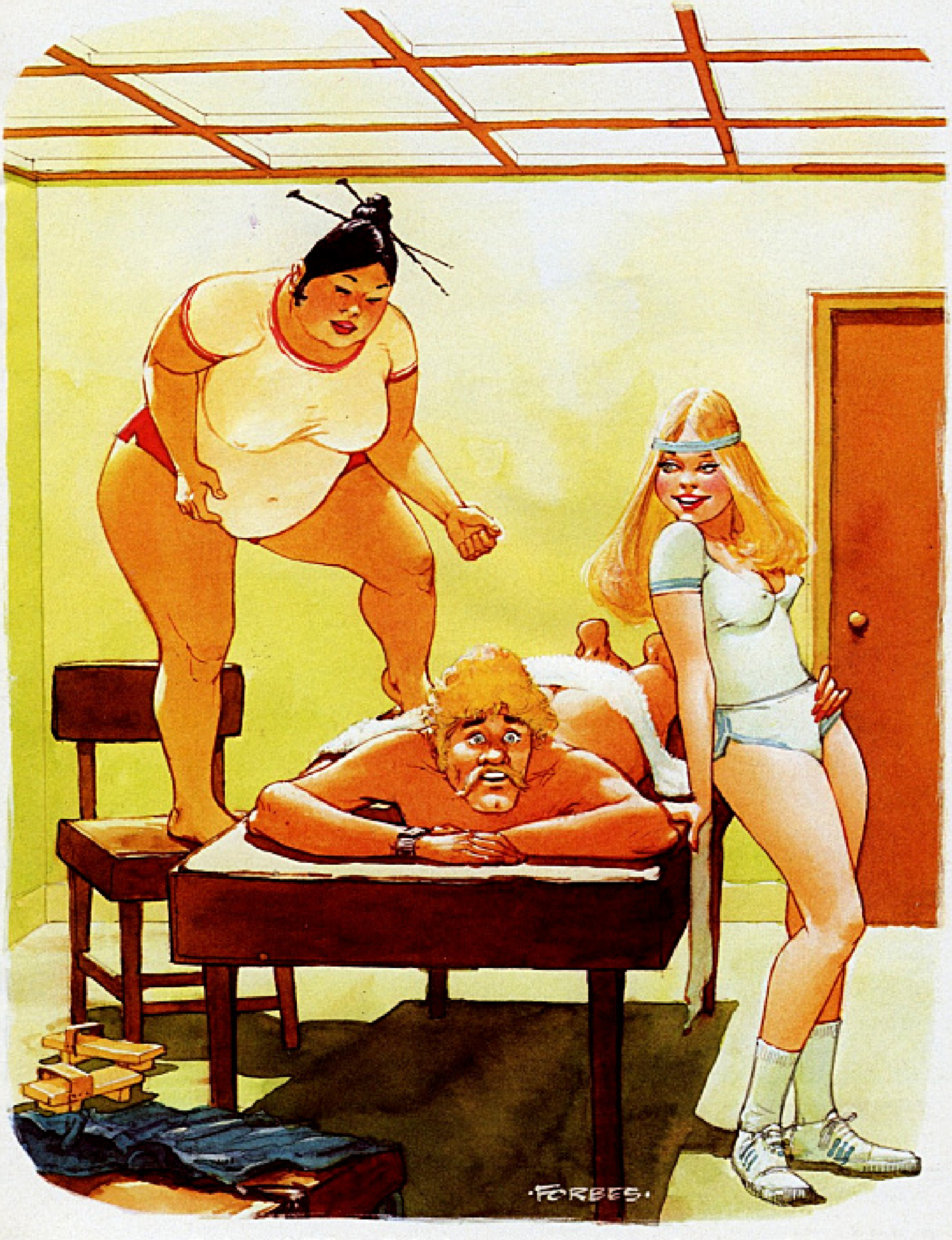


'Good news, Mr Walker . . . I've found someone to give you a Japanese foot massage . . .'

Judy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY INGO HARNEY

Looking at the shapely 34-23-34 figure of 21-year-old Judy Farlow, it might come as a surprise to learn that she regards herself as having never really grown up. 'I still am a child at heart,' Judy insisted. 'I have kept all my old toys, and of course there are my dolls. I still collect those.' In fact Judy's flat in Weston-super-Mare is populated by over one hundred dolls, teddies and puppets. You'll find them propped up in corners, sitting on window sills, and even lounging around her double bed.

'Jenny and George always share my bed,' said Judy of two rag dolls on her pillow. 'And sometimes Bill is allowed in as well.' Bill is a rather tatty clown. 'He was given to me by an ex-boyfriend to remind me of him,' she recalled with a smile. 'He was a bit of a clown in bed as well.' Is there room alongside Judy, Jenny and George for a new man? 'I'm always on the look-out,' she told us, so the customers of the drycleaners' where she works had better watch out. Her ideal is on the slim side, active and smart – a real action man, in fact.

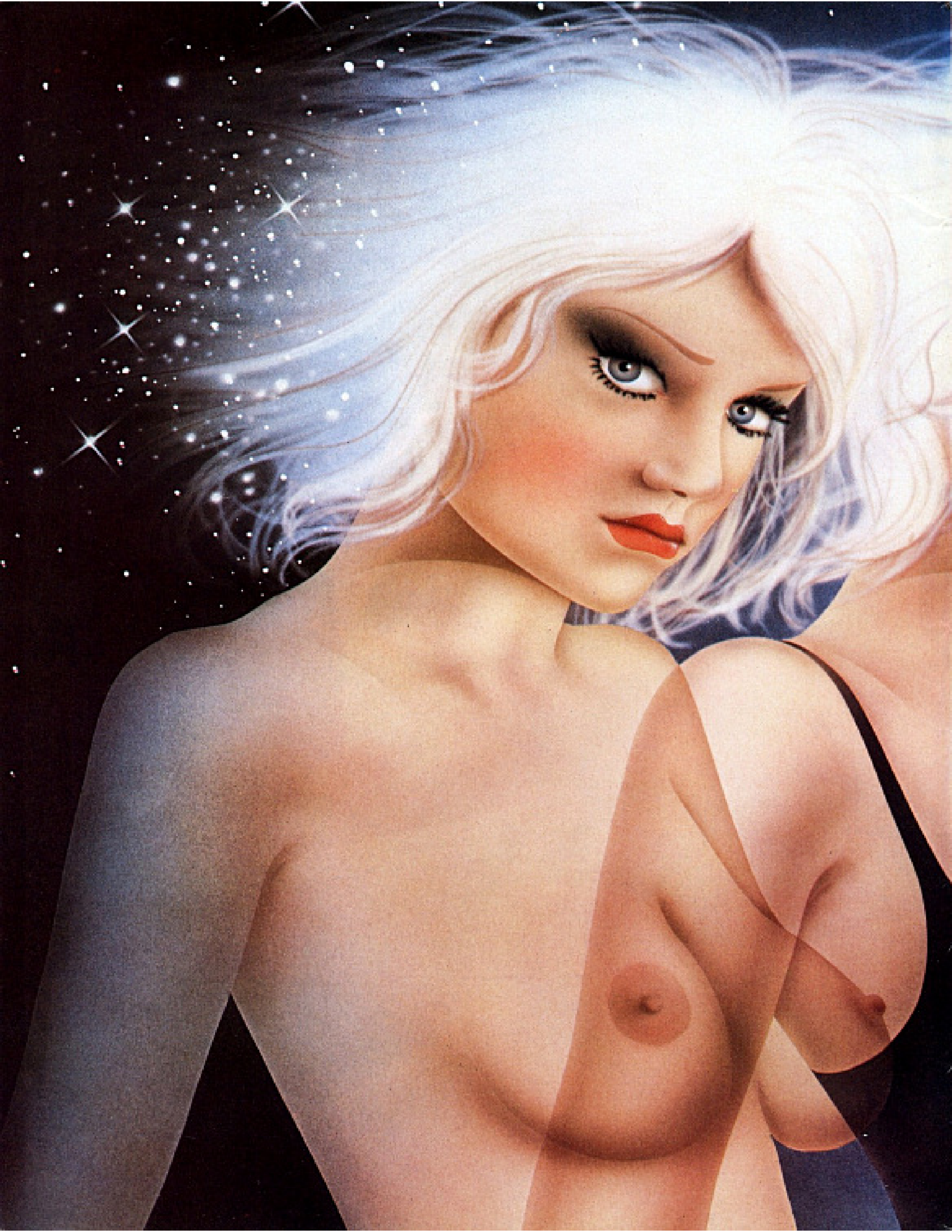


ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

Awake or asleep, I could not get Lucy off my mind. Then she strolled past, white briefs dangling from her hand, and my fantasies vanished as the sexy reality slowly lifted the hem of her skirt, and I saw the invitation of her rounded bottom

Dream Lover

Fiction by George Lewis

She approached the lights, her bicycle neat and shining in the hot sunlight, and she was nude except for her cyclist's visor, wristwatch and sandals. She slowed to a standstill a foot away from me, one lovely shapely leg stretched down for one red-tipped toe to rest lightly on the kerb. There were little beads of sweat on the pale golden skin between her beautiful full breasts, and I could see the horn of the black leather saddle nosing a good two inches from between her thighs, disarranging the triangle of blonde hair.

A woman standing near me asked her the time, and she glanced down at her wrist, and told her, soft-voiced – soft-voiced, but accented? French, maybe?

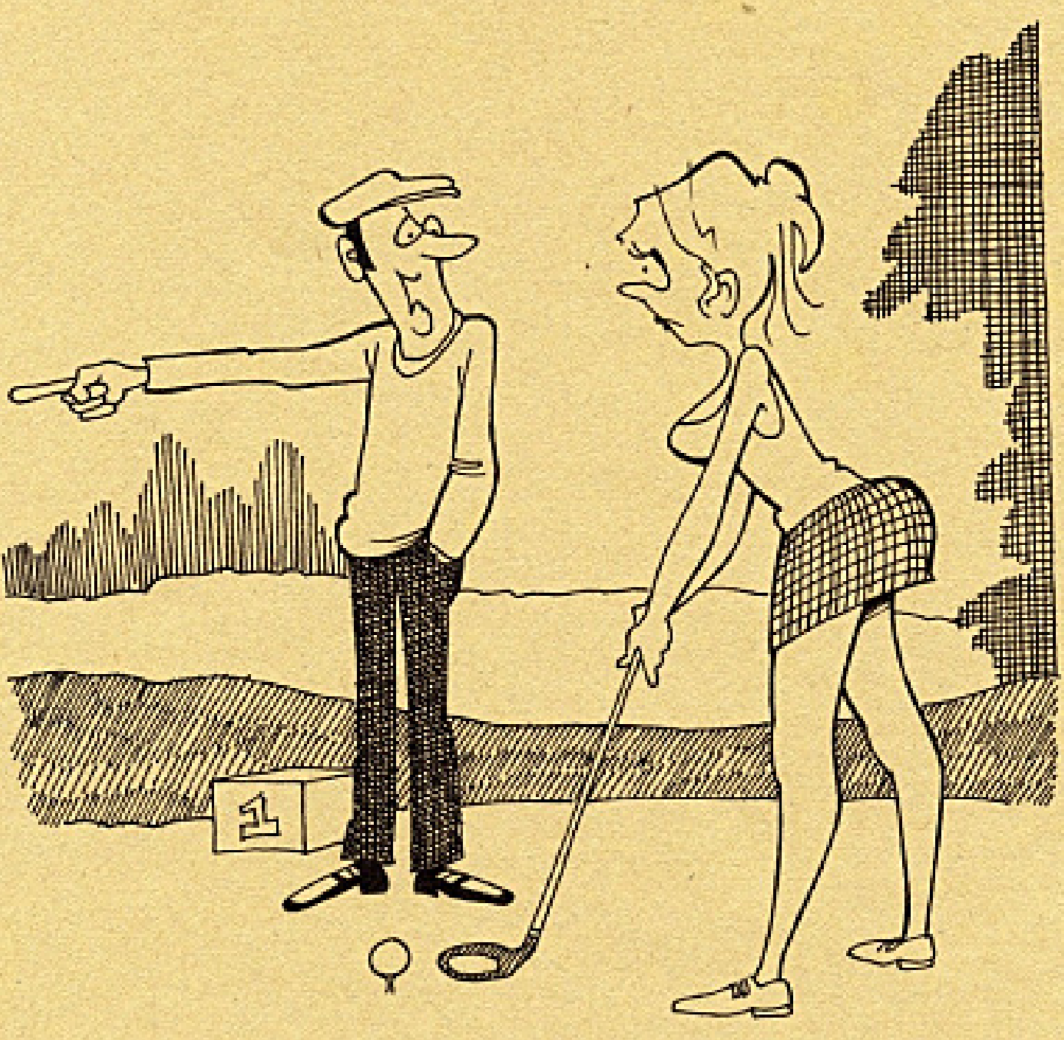
I slipped my jacket off, draped it over my arm, and held it in front of my stomach. It was necessary . . .

I knew I was dreaming of a lovely naked girl cycling down Regent Street, but *had* I seen her for real just now, spoken to her. . ? *Was* I really lying in the sun – swimming briefs because I was going to cool off in my sister's pool in a minute . . ?

She had been busy, bent right over, stiff-kneed the way girls do only when they know they won't be seen from behind, and she was wearing a dress short enough for me to see her briefs. White. Showgirl legs, bare . . . and the back of the knees of those lovely legs . . .

She didn't know I was there, behind her – so what to do? After all, it *was* my sister's toolshed, and I wanted a deckchair or something, but supposing she turned and caught me looking as if I'd been looking? Should I scrape a foot, clear my throat, or just silently retire?

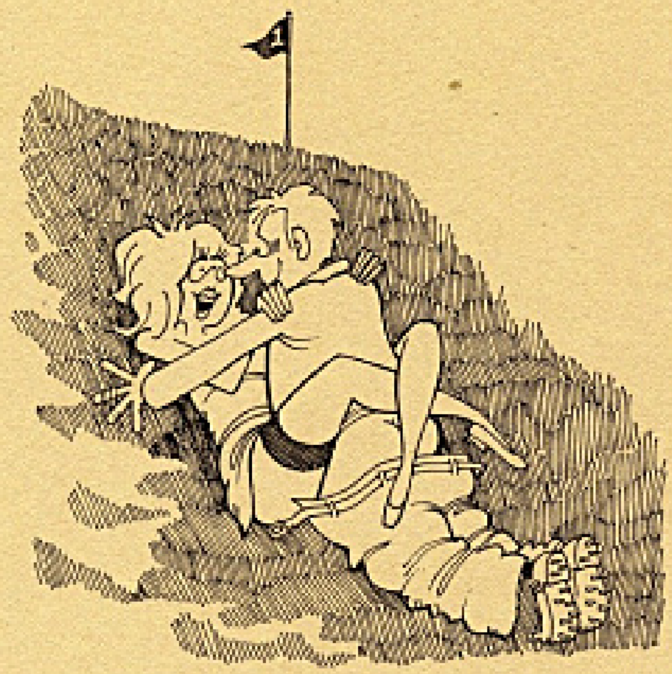
Silently retire, I decided, and make a noise coming back so there'll be no embarrassment. It was while I was trying not to be



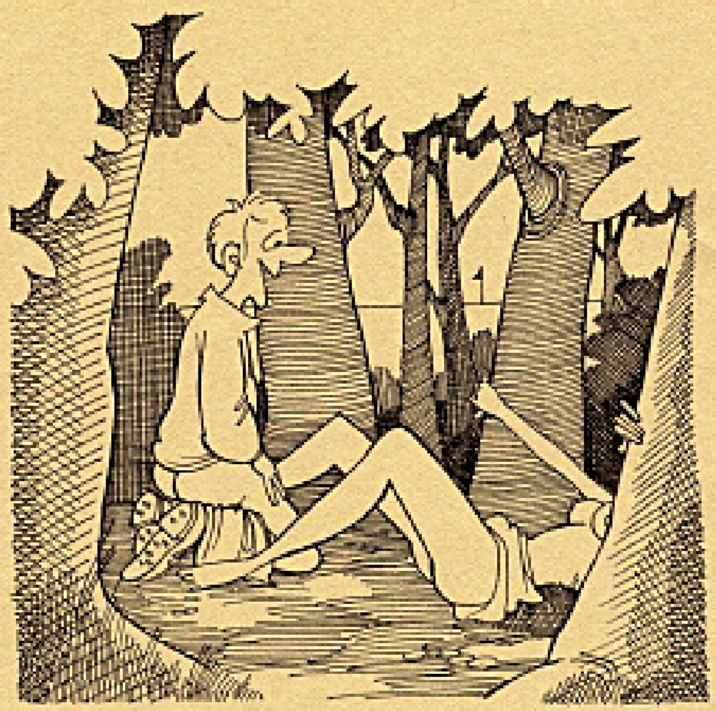
'Try to slice it into that clump of bushes over there.'

LET'S PLAY A ROUND

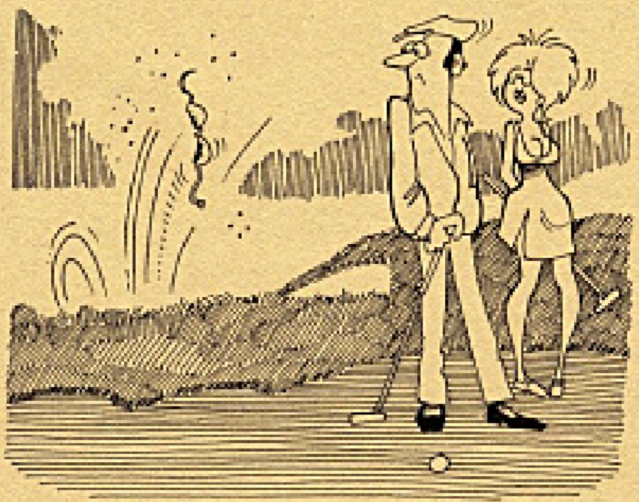
Girls on the golf course aren't
as green as they look, says cartoonist Anthony.
And, they're often on the tease

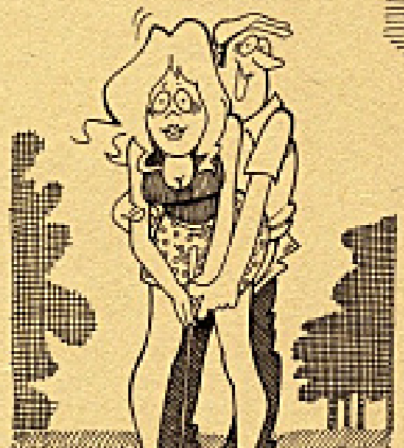


'Does this mean you'll have to buy everyone a drink when we get back to the club-house?'

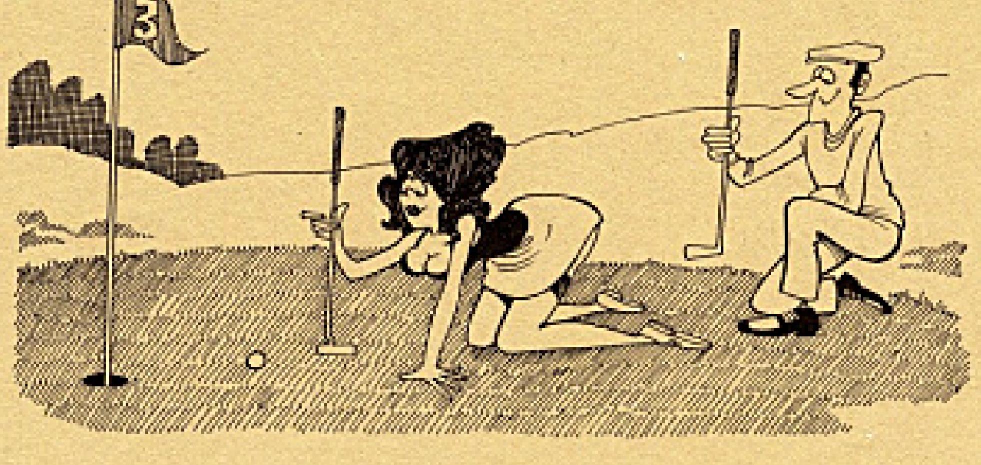


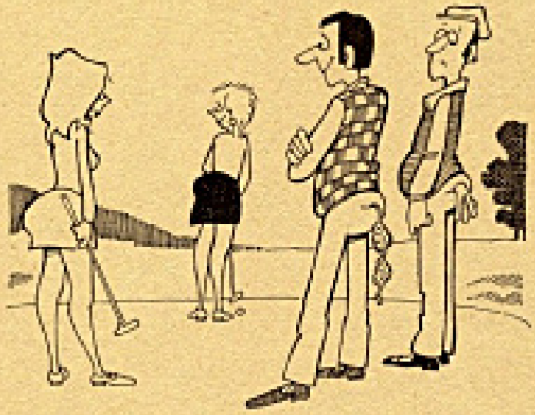
'You seem to have a perfect lie, Miss Chester.'

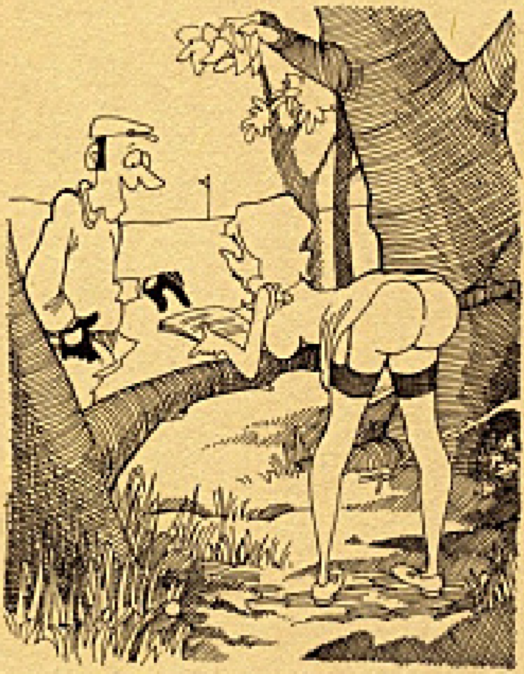




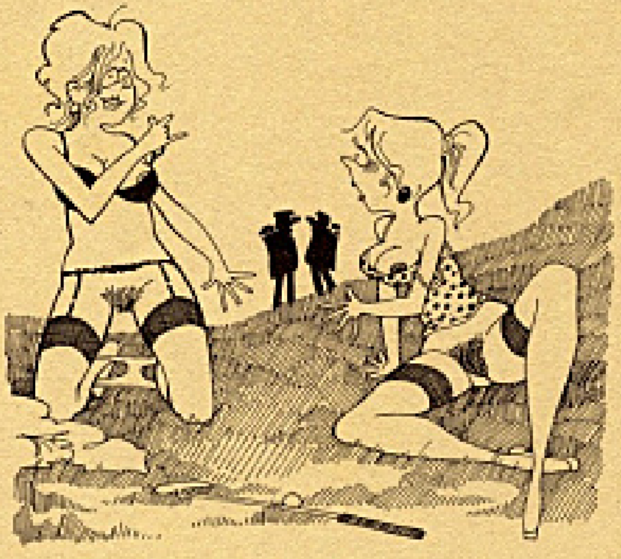
'And that, Miss Peachbottom, is basically what the game is all about.'



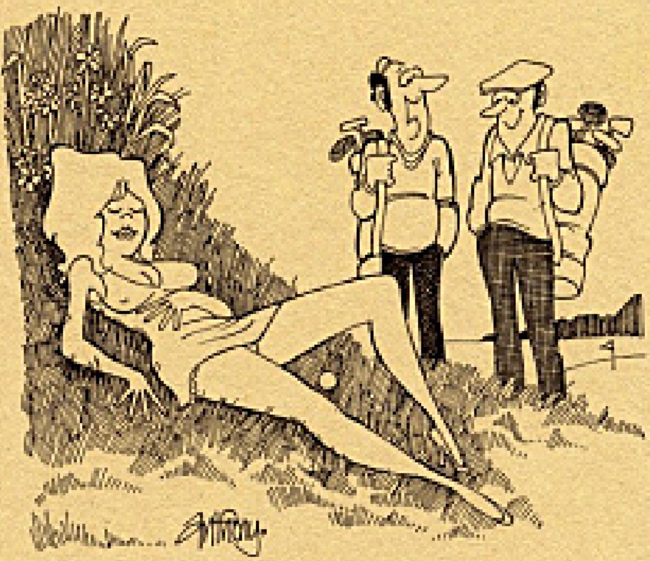




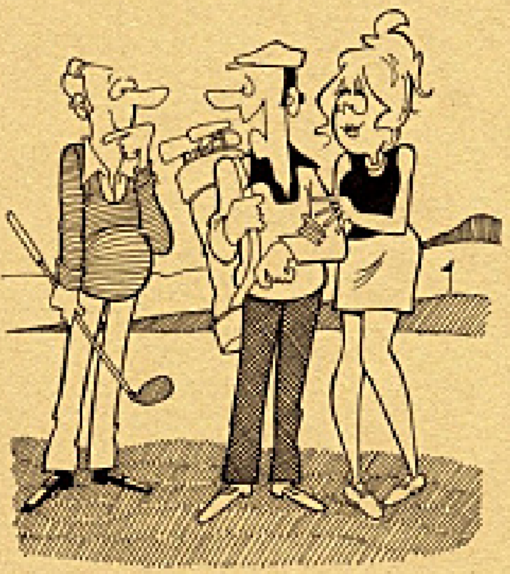
'There it is, rule 21, paragraph four, I'm afraid you'll have to take a penalty stoke.'



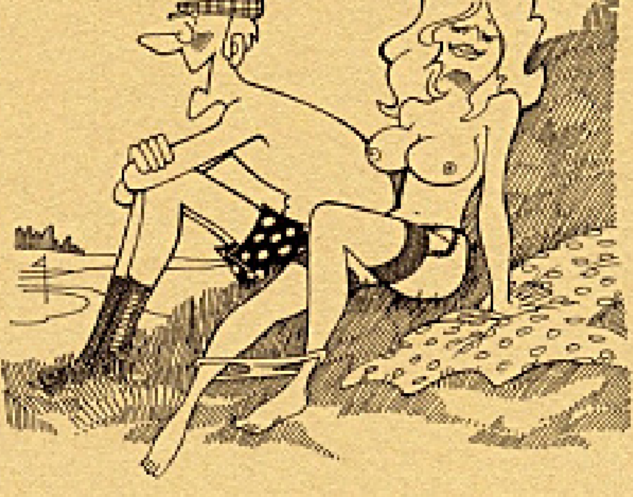
'Perhaps we shouldn't have asked them if they wanted to play through.'



'Now that's what I call an approach shot.'



'I had to pick up at the last hole.'



'I always thought the 19th hole was the club-house!'

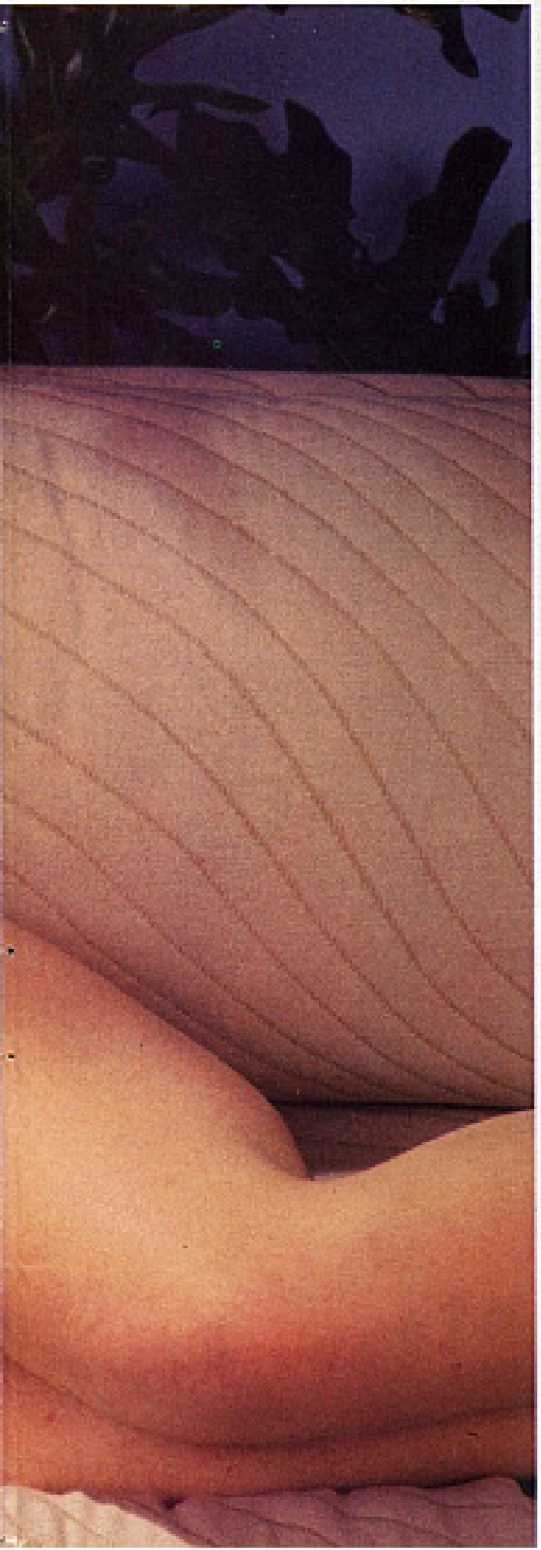
Katherine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

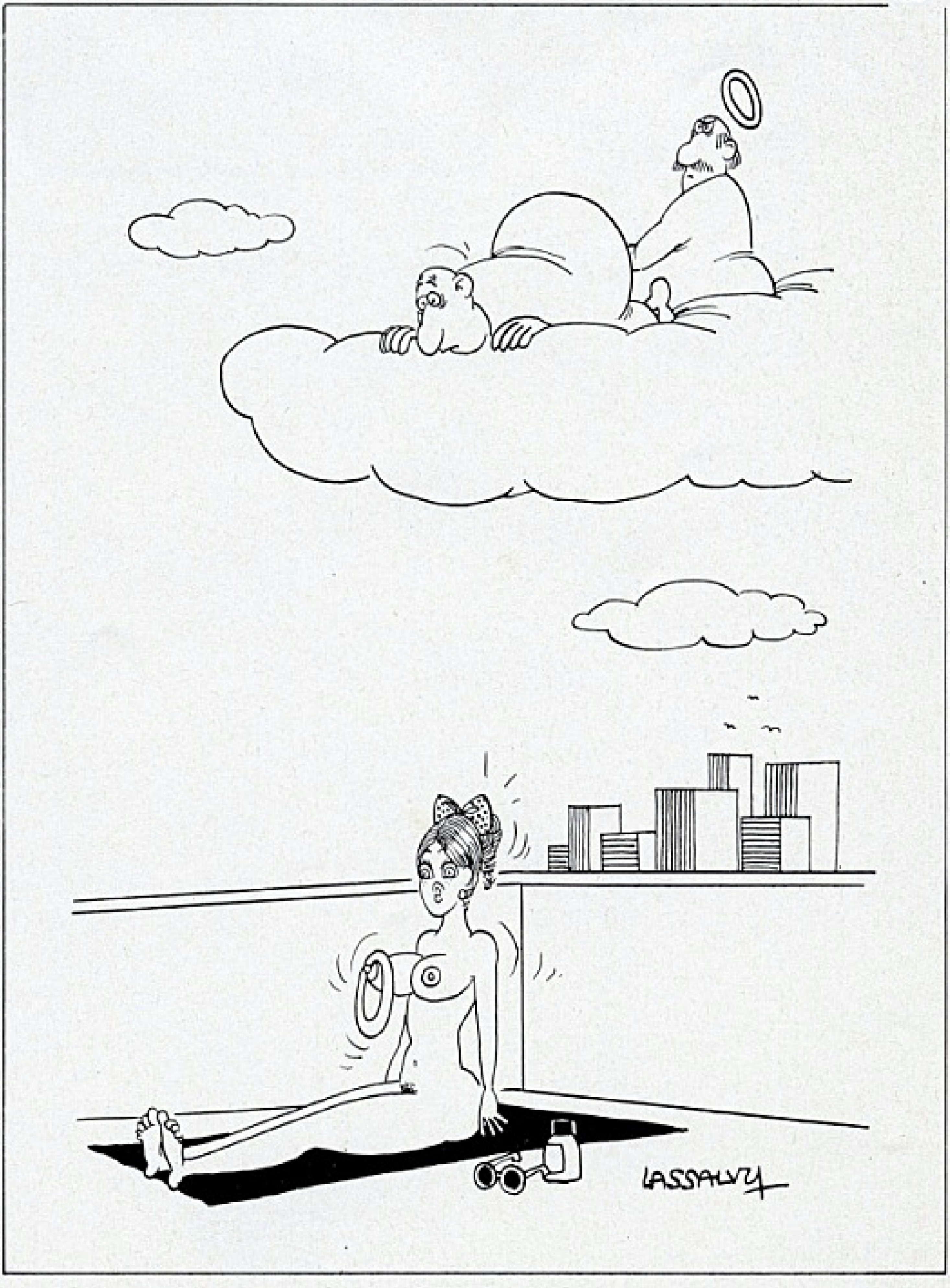
The historic city of York is the home of many beautiful things. There is the famous York Minster, the 17th century Treasurer's House, and Castle Howard, where *Brideshead Revisited* was filmed, is not far away. Neither is another sight worth seeing, 20-year-old Katherine Turner. Katherine was born in the city, and now lives a few miles out in a village surrounded by delightful countryside. 'I'd better not say which one,' said 36-24-36 Katherine. 'They are rather old-fashioned, and might bring back the ducking stool for this!' But despite that, Katherine is proud of being a Yorkshire girl. 'By eck, luv, there's nowt better,' she laughed, deliberately lapsing into the vernacular. 'The countryside is beautiful, and the men do seem so much more masculine somehow . . .'

But Katherine's love of Yorkshire men currently has one exception. 'It's the idiot who set light to me in the pub the other night,' she told us. How did he do that? 'He had his cigarette by my leg, then when I looked down, my tights were just disappearing! For a moment I just watched transfixed as

they vanished up my thighs, leaving me in just this little skirt I was wearing. He just laughed, but I was furious, though I can see now that it must have looked pretty funny.' The barman found it quite entertaining too; he bought Katherine another drink on the strength of it, which got her over the shock.



By day, Katherine works on the cosmetics counter of a chemist's shop giving beauty tips and advice as well as selling perfumes and make-up. But she says that you might find it rather hard to recognise her. 'I have to wear this awful overall which I inherited from the girl who had the job before me. It's at least one size too big!' However, Katherine's taste in clothes outside work is a lot sexier. 'I love lacy night-wear,' she said. 'Something flimsy and feminine.' But isn't that a bit chilly for cold Yorkshire nights? 'Perhaps, but there are other ways of keeping warm I don't have to tell you.'


LASSALVY

The girls you've asked to see

Top Model Carol Needham

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

Our series of 'The girls you've asked to see' has been enormously successful because we bring readers their favourite girls as they'd like to see them – wearing as little as possible. And when we get a request for a particular girl we always do our best to track her down, so a letter from R W of Bath sent us into action. He wrote: 'In my *Starbird* calendar for 1984 there is a real stunner called Carol Needham, with the most stupendous boobs. Unfortunately she is the December girl, and I don't think I can wait. Is there any chance of seeing her in *Mayfair* before then?' We're happy to oblige R W.

With her beautiful brown eyes, pretty face and sexy 34B-24-35 figure, Carol is in great demand as a model, and is a regular *Starbird*. She has also appeared on *The Sun's* Page Three, and in the *Daily Mirror*. Carol is also one of the few English girls to be featured as a *Playboy* Playmate. Back in 1978, when she was just 18, she was flown out to the USA for the photo-session, and spent three months at the Playboy mansion in Los Angeles. The pictures

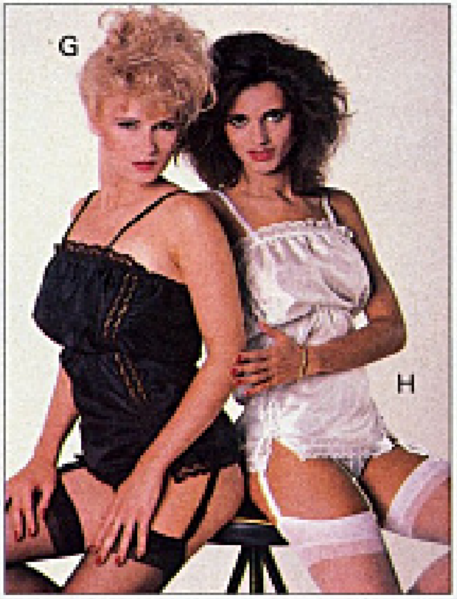
appeared in February 1979. Carol is still a regular visitor to America, and her modelling career takes her all over the world, as our sexy 23-year-old is much sought after. Carol used to live in Sunbury-on-Thames in Surrey, but now when she is in England her home is in Southport. To keep her figure in such excellent shape, she bicycles regularly, and is a keen dancer. For a less strenuous sport, Carol enjoys playing darts when she pops in at her local.

Carol is one of the original wonders of *Woolworths* because she used to work on the biscuit counter at one of their stores before getting a break in modelling. She went to an agent who sent her to *The Sun*. They quickly recognised her potential, and before you could say crumbs she had become a *Page Three* girl. Now Carol is thinking of going into acting. She has already made her screen debut with a small part in the film *Severn*. There is more to Carol than her beautiful face and figure. She is an enthusiastic chess player, and in her spare time also likes to paint. You could even call her a numismatist, but don't go reaching for your dictionary, it simply means she collects coins. Another of Carol's loves is chicken, and she jokes she eats so much of it she should have been born a fox. We're certainly all very grateful she wasn't.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
CAROL NEEDHAM

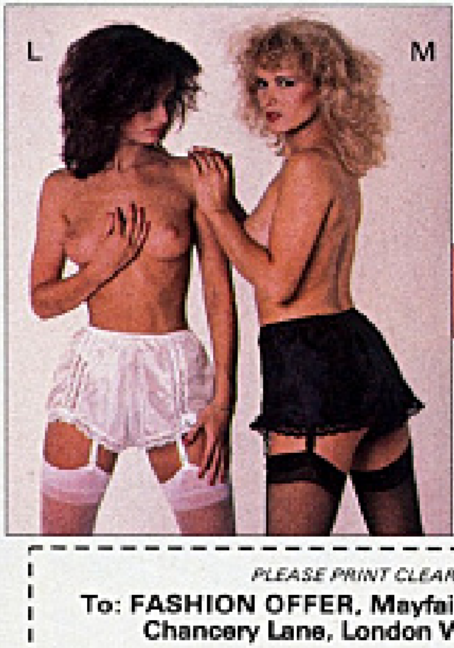
The pure silk sensation

Mayfair's exciting lingerie offer



There's more lingerie on page 95

G) Delightfully feminine pure silk camisole top in seductive black. Also available in elegant ivory (H). Sizes small/medium (10-12) and large (14-16).
J) Sensational ivory three piece set in cool pure silk, comprising bra, bikini briefs and suspender belt. Also available in black (K). Sizes small (34"), medium (36") and large (38").
L) Sophisticated yet saucy French knickers in ivory. Also available in devastating black (M). Sizes: small/medium (10-12) and large (14-16).



Silk, the most exotic of all fabrics – delicate, cool and utterly sophisticated. *Mayfair* is now able to offer this completely new collection of pure silk lingerie at unbelievably low prices. Market research proved that men whose ladies wore our new silk underwear described the result as sensual. And that is what the feel of silk is: seductive. Like our other lingerie, the silk collection has been specially selected, and made for Mayfair here in Britain from the finest imported silks, and, of course, to the very highest standards possible.

Orders received after Dec 8 may not be despatched in time for Christmas.

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Qty……3-piece set(s) in black (item K) at £18.95. Size……
Qty……French knickers in ivory (item L) at £8.95. Size……
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M194

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper, stating all relevant information.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

An airliner crashed on a deserted island, the stewardess and five male crew members being the only survivors. After two weeks, the hostess killed herself because she was so disgusted with what she was doing. Two weeks later, the crew buried her because they were so disgusted with what they were doing. After another two weeks, the crew dug her up again, because they were so disgusted with what they were doing.

'Whatever do you want a glass of cider for?' asked the girl's mother.
'To take the pain away,' sobbed the five-year-old youngster. Unable to understand why, but tired of the tears, her mother decided to give the little girl a glass just to humour her. At once, the child put her hand into the drink.
'It doesn't work,' she sobbed.
'How do you mean?' asked the girl's mother.
'Well, I overheard my sister, and she said that whenever *she* gets a prick in her hand, she can't wait to get it in cider.'

An astute businessman wanted to insure himself, and was told that the best place to go was the City of London where many firms have their head offices. In a small back street, he found three companies in a row. Going into the first, he asked, 'What's the best life assurance package you offer?'
'Sir, we cover you from the cradle to the grave.'
'That's great,' replied the businessman, 'I will bear you in mind,' and went next door.
'And what's the best life assurance you can offer,' he asked the counter clerk.
'Sir, we cover you from the womb to the tomb,' replied the insurance man.
'I'll consider it,' said the man much impressed, and went to the final firm.
'I've been offered life assurance from the cradle to the grave and from the womb to the tomb,' he said. 'Can you beat that?'
'Yes, sir, we can. We cover you from the erection to the resurrection!'

'The reason I like going out with John,' said Jennifer rather snobbishly, 'is that he is on the up-and-up.'
'And the reason I like going out with Alan,' replied her schoolmate with a grin, 'is that he's into the up-and-down.'

What is the difference between an Irish wedding and an Irish funeral?
There's one less drunk at the funeral.

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

The manager of a coalmine in Yorkshire died, and went to heaven. St Peter assessed his work when he arrived at the Pearly Gates, and seemed impressed. So much so, that the saint asked him if there was anything he could do for him.
'Well yes, actually there is,' replied the meek little man. 'All my life I've been plagued by Arthur Scargill, every time he drove up in his Rover 3500. When he dies, can you make certain that he has a completely separate cloud, a long way away from me?'
'Certainly,' replied St Peter. 'I'll put you in Seventh Heaven. He'll never trouble you there.'
Sure enough, for several years, the manager was happily sitting on his cloud strumming his harp. Then one day he heard a car in the distance, and to his horror, saw a white Rover. The car raced past nearly knocking him down. Angrily, he stormed over to St Peter.
'I thought you said that I would be free of Arthur Scargill, but just now, there he was again, nearly knocking me down in his white Rover.'
'Oh no, you're mistaken,' replied St Peter. 'That wasn't him, that was God. He just *thinks* that he's Arthur Scargill.'

Late one morning, a maid entered the bedroom of the Earl's dissolute son who was still idling in bed. The first thing she noticed was a tell-tale bulge in the blankets. 'Shall I take care of that for you?' she asked with a wink. 'Or are you going to whittle it away like you do your allowance?'

The crowded bus meant that the young stud was pressed in close behind an attractive blonde.
'Hey, will you stop poking me with that thing?' she snapped.
'I'm sorry,' said the young man defensively, 'it's my wage packet.'
'Well you must work for a good firm then,' replied the blonde, 'you've had three rises since Oxford Circus.'

A Frenchman from down in St Omer,
Had a tool that could sing *Oklahoma*.
But the sweetness of pitch,
Didn't help with the hitch
Of impotence, size and aroma.

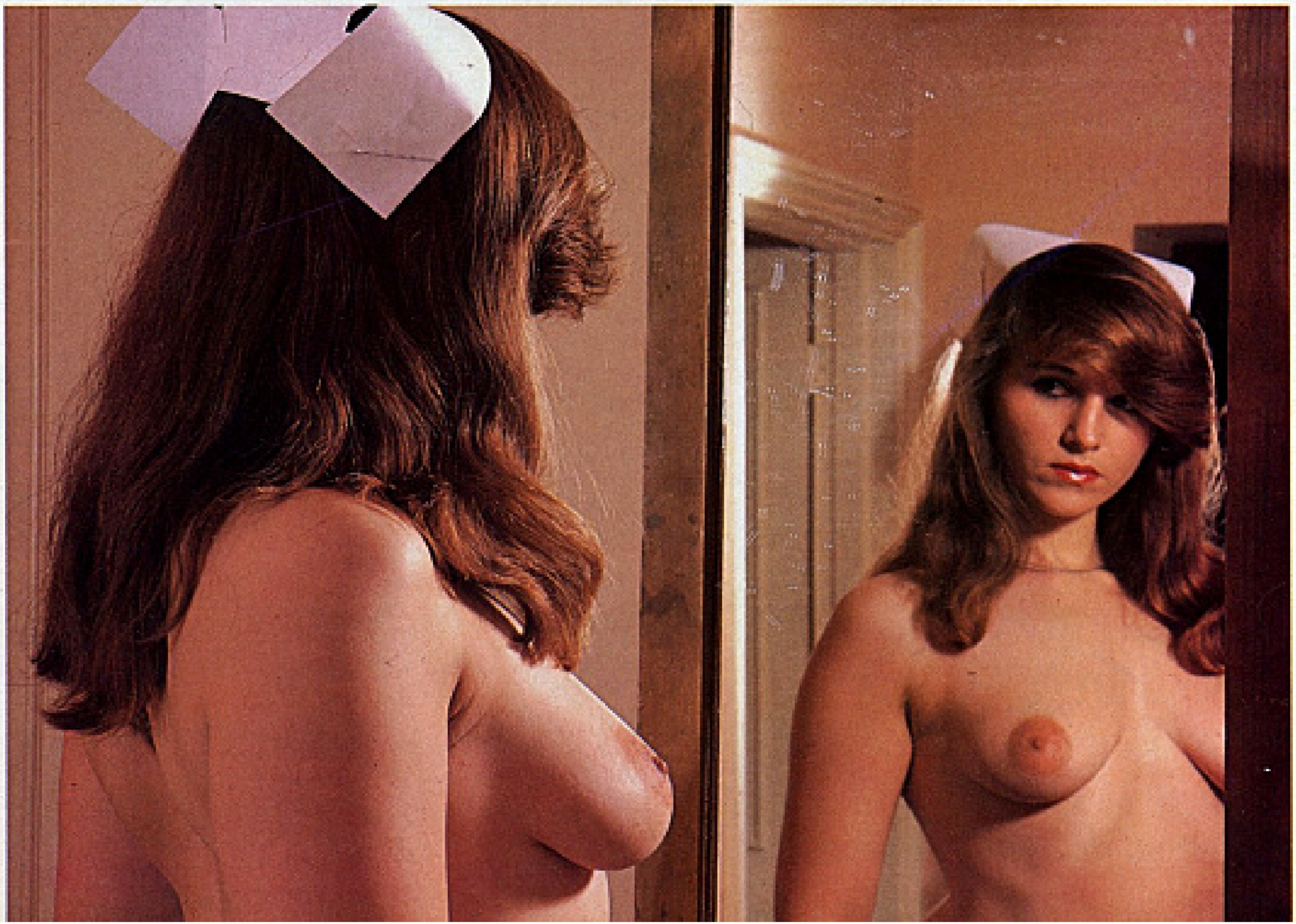
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A IDZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Nurse Andrea

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Slipping out of her crisp, blue uniform just for *Mayfair* readers is our 24-year--old nurse, Andrea Blackman. Andrea has spent the last three years working in a nursing home near Tunbridge Wells in Kent, and wears every day the uniform that you see her stripping off here. But the staff, and even some of the lively old patients are used to her naughty behaviour. So much so that she is known to them as 'The Page Three Girl.' This though is the first time that Andrea has bared all of her sumptuous 35-24-35 figure for a photographer, and what a tonic it is for us. Andrea lives in Wadhurst, just over the border in East Sussex, and commutes to work in her green Mini. As well as her uniform, she also has one other stipulation about dress – no tights! 'I only wear stockings and suspenders,' she told us. 'I can't stand tights.' But Andrea's naughty reputation really comes from her other part-time job – she specialises in topless kissograms!

Being a self-confessed, natural show-off, the topless kissing telegram is an ideal way for Andrea to let her hair down after work. 'I have a St Trinian's outfit, and a red satin basque,' she told us, 'and I'm always looking for that sort of work.' But one of her engagements did go a little wrong. 'I had to flash my boobs, and kiss a retiring caretaker on stage in a local social club once,' she grinned. 'I was told who to do it for, and went on and bared my boobs, smothering him with kisses. But it turned out to be the wrong man. I reckon he really must have been thinking it was his lucky day.'



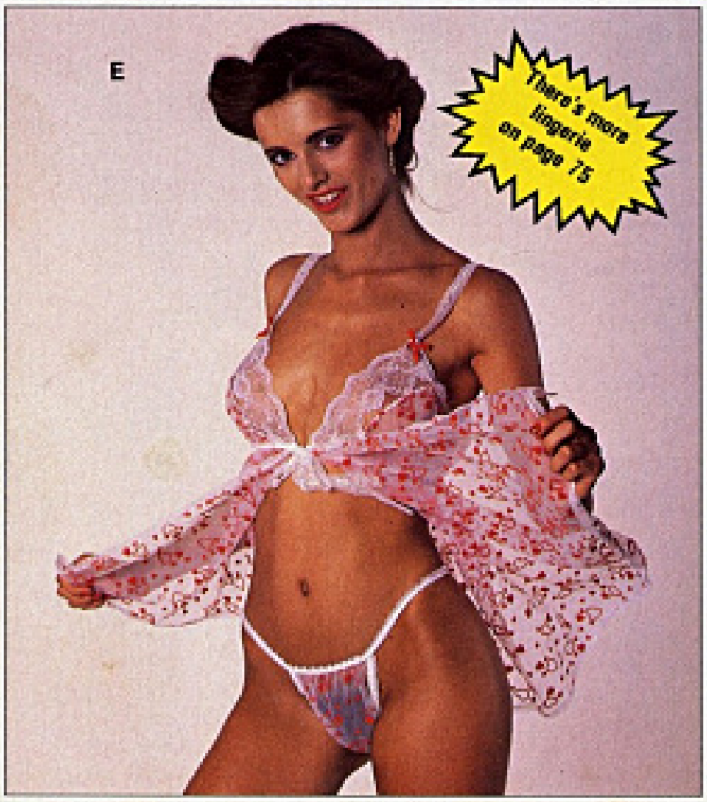
When she's not nursing or startling people with kissograms, Andrea enjoys dancing at the *Chez Moi* club in Tunbridge Wells. She can also be spotted enjoying a drink in *The Bristol* and *The Village Inn* (known locally as 'The Village Idiot'). As well as driving her car, Andrea also likes riding horses, and has taken up weight lifting. But don't worry she only lifts 50lbs.

Alluring new lingerie from Mayfair

F

V

T


E

For sexy nights with your special lady we have commissioned exclusive new lingerie, designed just for us after extensive market research. Not only will she look more alluring in our super-stretch sheer body-stocking, but she is bound to feel more attractive as it clings to her figure and emphasises her curves. It comes in one size, and is available in white (V) or black (T). And who could resist our sweet and sexy baby doll nightie trimmed in real lace (E). It comes with matching briefs in white with a beautiful hearts design in red. It is available in one size, medium. Or she'll be all set for fun and games in a provocative playsuit (F), sheer and slinky for those extra-special nights. It comes in midnight black with a delightful spotted red motif. There are two sizes: small/medium, 32" – 36" bust; large, 38" – 42" bust.

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Joanna

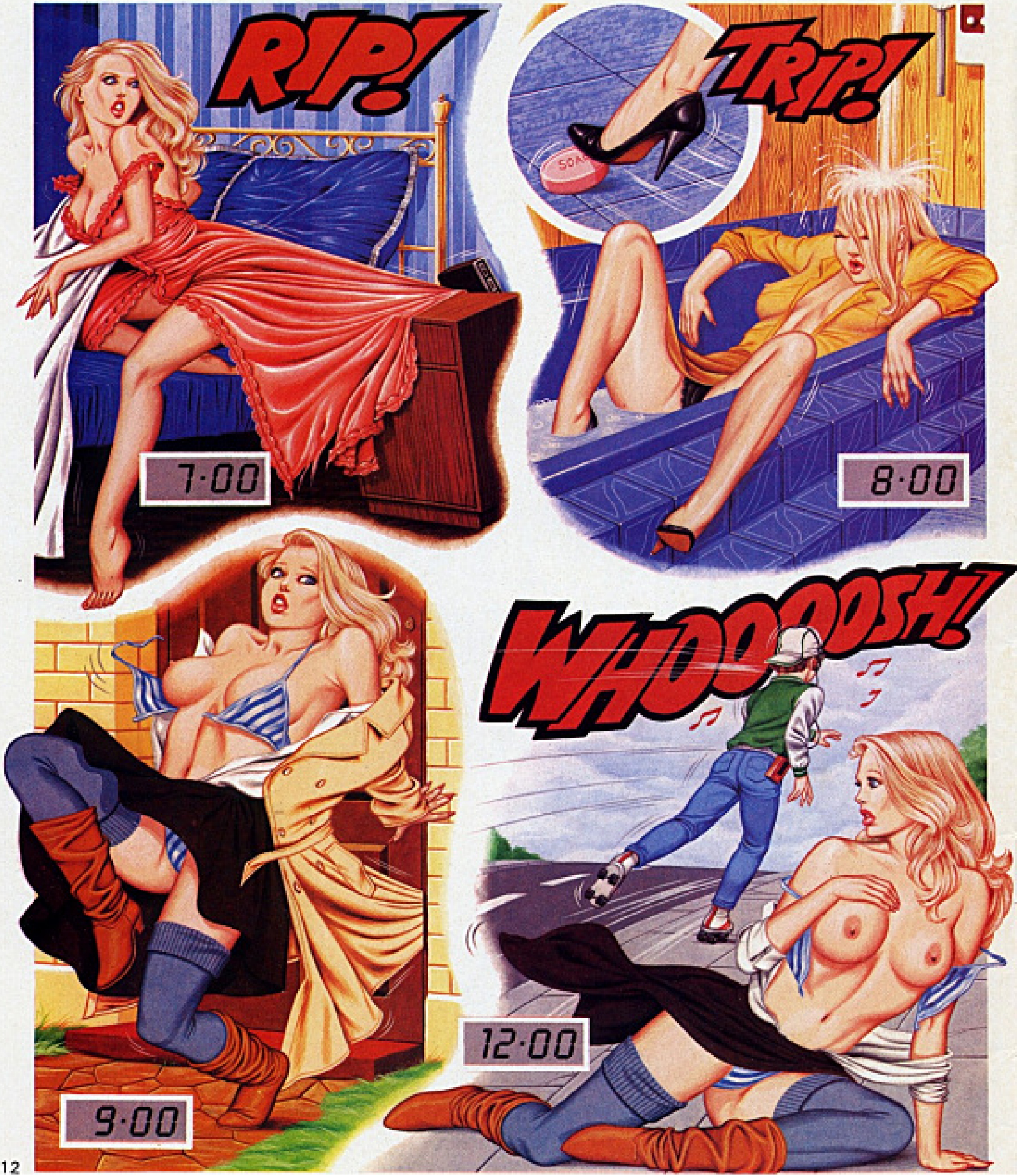
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN SASS

We were particularly pleased when 21-year-old Joanna Monroe agreed to part with her clothes for *Mayfair* readers, because she normally encourages girls to dress up rather than strip off. For 35–23–35 Joanna is a dress designer with a costumier, and believes that clothes can help give a girl the confidence she needs. 'I love wearing something slinky and seductive myself,' she told us, 'but I can see that slowly peeling it off can also be exciting.' Joanna lives in the Warwickshire town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and loves the theatre. 'But I admit that I'm more fascinated by the costumes.'

Allied to her love of costumes both historical and modern, Joanna also has a passion for antiques. The water jug in these photographs is part of her collection. 'I've thought of turning my whole house into a miniature Edwardian palace,' she claimed, 'insisting that all my friends dress in period costume when they visit, but I decided against it. None of my boyfriends seem to enjoy play-acting like I do. However if any readers fancy an Edwardian evening – let me know.'

CARRIE

It's an unlucky day for Carrie when she slips up on a date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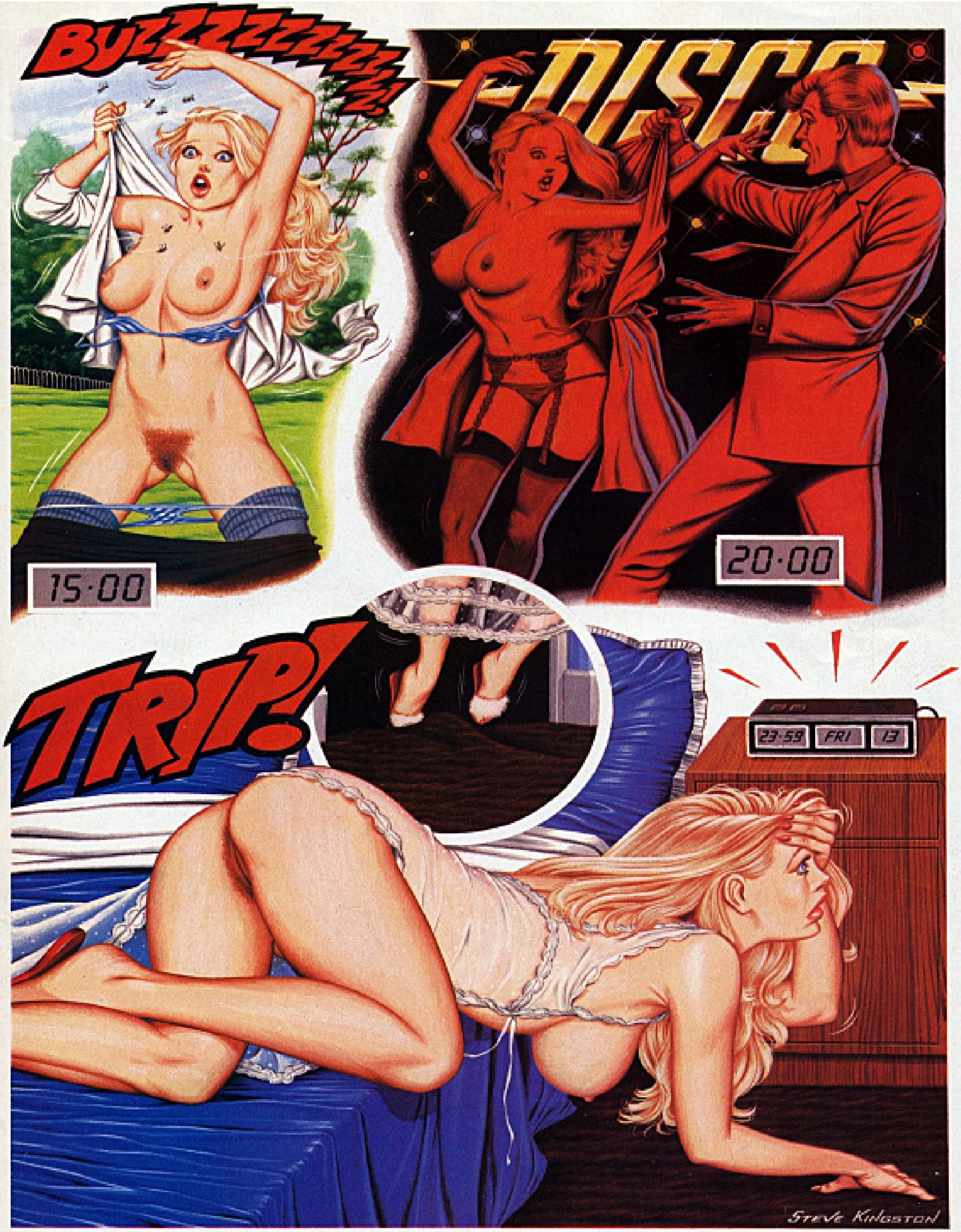
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